

WAR

CRY

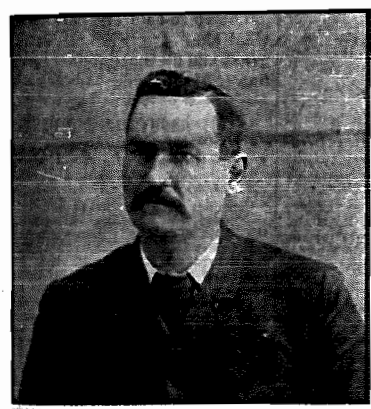
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

VOL. X. No. 47. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1894. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

MRS. BOOTH'S CAMPAIGNING TRIUMPHS

IN THE

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.



THE ACTING MAYOR OF GALT
(Who read the address of welcome to Mrs. Booth.)

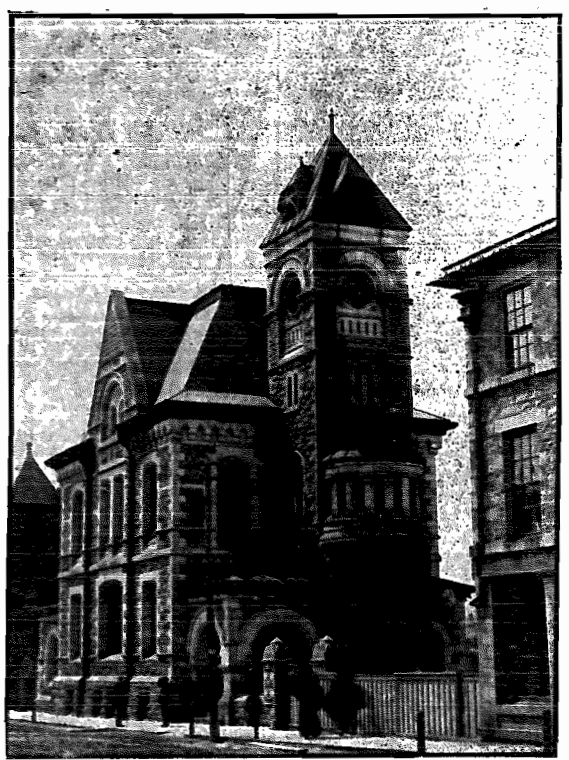
It is always pleasant to chronicle victories, and truly we have so many victories that we positively have no space for mentioning defeats when they do occur, and no great army ever did advance without some losses. To revert to the victories, however, London, Galt, and Berlin, have each been the scene of highly successful campaigns; the general public, as well as our own valued rank and file have been interested and enthusiastic in each of the cities mentioned, public men have signified their approval of the Army and its leaders, and God's blessing has been manifested distinctly.

At the time of writing Stratford, Strathroy, and Petrolia await their turn for a visit from Mrs. Booth, and faith runs high for very glorious times.

Brigadier Margetts speaking on the affairs of his Province, says: "It is an accomplished fact. It has been on the boards for a long time. True," however, to the proverb, "All things come round to those who wait," the London comrades are now in possession of their own hall. 'Tis a dandy. "I like it immensely," was the expression of not a few. I am of the same sentiment, and am believing to see that for which the Army chiefly exists accomplished in it—the salvation of hundreds, nay, thousands of souls.

Dear Mrs. Booth has come and gone. Her visit has been like the sudden descent of some angelic being with sweet songs, cheering smiles, kind words, faithful warnings, and inspiring presence. Her words and songs are still ringing in our ears. Neither do we wish to shake them off; they are profitable for contemplation.

Who can tell the value Mrs. Booth is to the war! She is A1 on the platform, as is evidenced by the universal verdict of those who listened to her in London this last week end. But it is at home where you find Mrs. Booth's true value.



THE POST OFFICE, GALT.

If the friends who entertain Mrs. Booth as she rushes from corps to corps receive through her one-third of the cheer, comfort, inspiration, and blessing we did at our house they will all join as heartily as we do in praying, "God bless Mrs. Booth and the Commandant, too, for bringing her to Canada."

"Why did you come to the meetings to criticise?" asked a lady of a gentleman who attended Mrs. Booth's meetings. "Criticise, indeed," was the reply, "all the criticism I could do was with my eyes, and they were quite wet." Many others felt like this gentleman, if I am any judge. The souls rescued; the \$400 raised; the crowded and enthusiastic meetings, and the blessings given vent to in smiles and tears, are all evidences that God is with us and sealing the ministry of His handmaid in a practical form.

Now Strathroy, Stratford, and Petrolia, you know what to expect in Mrs. Booth. You won't be disappointed. Make the most of her visit, mind. God bless you.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.—The rumbling of the wheels of the great Harvest Festival chariot are beginning to loudly murmur. This Harvest Festival scheme is one of the M. D.'s of the Salvation Army, who goes round

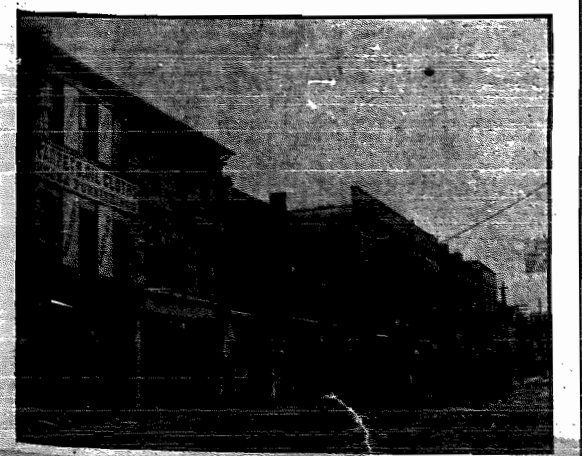
feeling the pulses, looking at the tongues and finding out who amongst us is really in sound loyal and healthy sympathy with the dear old imperial flag of blood and fire. It is a keen discernor of the



CAPT. RUTLEDGE
(The successful organizer of the Galt Campaign.)

real amount of true interest in the concern as a whole we undoubtedly possess. How much interest have you, my comrade? Methinks your true answer will be given in the target you raise and hit. That's practical, is it not?

(Continued on page 4.)



MAIN STREET, GALT.



CHORUS OF DRINKERS.—"General Booth lands at St. Johns, Newfoundland, September 18th. He's our friend. Let's write to the Captain of the Army for a free ticket."

In and Around Muskoka.

Salvationists never can tell where the demons of the war will take them, and this Mrs. de Barritt proved, for after having begun almost ready for Jordan, she had to land the Northern train for Bracebridge, and was really going to the beautiful, healthy Muskoka district.

She arrived at 3 a.m., amid rain, thunder, and lightning, but was soon welcomed by Mrs. Edna Dowell and Lieut. Barker. They here got on well since the English's absence. By-the-by, Mrs. Dowell is full of smiles and a little excited, for now she has welcomed back the English from England, and will be very glad for him to take hold of the reins.

How enjoyable that banana social was, and how pleasant to sit under the trees, on an elevated spot in the park, kindly lent for the occasion, shaded from the scorching sun and sprinkled of the good things, everyone trying to make each other happy! They had worked so hard over it, but their labor was in vain, for it was a big success. The Lieutenant secured the town for cabbages and fish, and while out with her one afternoon she pointed to a house a little away in the bush, where she had a dinner, also to a room at the top of an hotel that she had to meet, but came not away empty. Hal-hallo!

We had a good meeting at night, also Sunday night, when Mrs. de Barritt gave a little of her experience in South America, and tried to teach us a Spanish charm, by Mrs. Buntin, the printer, very kindly printed a little for this meeting. God bless him! All those kind outsiders who so readily responded to our appeal in the open-air.

Mrs. de Barritt led Sunday morning and night, but someone else will write this up. On Wednesday, the 10th, when Mrs. Dowell, we visited BRANTFORD, and it was with no little curiosity that our eyes gazed upon some of the destruction which the late war had caused, and the pressing thought was, if people will not hear God's voice now, the time is coming when the fire of His wrath and indignation will be poured out upon them.

Brantford soldiers have some blood-and-spirit, and Captain Markle did his best to make things go. We had two big drums, two drums, two cornets, not forgetting Brantford's concertinas, and this, with the singing, brought the people out. We had a beautiful, lively time inside, with a goodly, appreciative gathering. We wondered if coins and dollars were more plentiful up here than in Toronto, for we were again struck at the ready response of the people and the quick way they lightened their pockets.

We girls enjoyed the soldiers' testimonies, and Mrs. de Barritt again spoke on South America, then reading of the separation of Lot from Abram, and making an appeal to all, husband, and slaver. We had a good time up, and at the close she brought before the soldiers one little scheme in connection with our sale of work. This they heartily took hold of, one brother starting with twenty-five cents, and the Captain meets them on Monday to set it afloat.

In the morning Father Brown drove us out to see the spot where our salvation shanty will stand. This is a grand scheme of the Commandant's, and we believe it will be the most successful. Who knows in years to come but what we shall have a Salvation shanty out there; a big flourishing farm, of which our present one is only a miniature. After meeting our dear sister Brown's

kindness, and some prayer, we hurried back to catch the train for Gravenhurst. For the night meeting. Considering this was the night for the churches we had a fair meeting. Captain Stagers and Lieutenant Legge gave away here bravely. God bless our girls who so nobly stand the storm!

On the morrow Muskoka will be left behind for a Sunday with our Barrie comrades.

AMINA.

Bracebridge.—Sunday's meetings. Holiness meeting very good. Closed the meeting with two souls seeking God. In the afternoon we went to the park, the weather being fine. We had a good time.

At night, Mrs. de Barritt to the front, but owing to the intense heat the crowd was rather small, but we had a real good spiritual time.

Mrs. de Barritt has been stopping with us for a short time, and her stay has been a real help and blessing to us all. May God abundantly bless her in all her work for Him!

Since our last report we have had souls and we still go on for greater victory.—Lieutenant BARKER.

ORILLIA.

We had beautiful meetings all day Sunday, and at the close of our evening meeting three dear sisters came to the Saviour and ventured their all upon Him. Our prayer is that they may be true soldiers of Jesus. And then the following Thursday night was the time. Captain had announced a great and great representative meeting when every soldier represented their trade. The march was very attractive, and seemed to draw the people's attention very much. There was a large crowd listened to the open-air, and the meeting in the tent, how shall I describe it! There was a large crowd came with us to the meeting inside. It was something grand! The people seemed to sit spell-bound and listen. Our Indian comrades from Rama were with us; they were dressed in real Indian style. Their singing was lovely. God bless our Indian comrades!

On the following night another dear soul came to Christ, making four for the week.—Candidly MARY WILSON for Captain Mrs. HERR.

At Tilth, Germany, Staff Captain Junker has done well. Some 350 persons attended one of his recent meetings, including ten recruits. Several soldiers were sworn in.

The work in Germany goes on apace. At the Assomation Day gatherings various corps went into the forests round about the towns and held successful open-air meetings.

"Gin and Money."—"SHE DIED AS SHE LIVED."—WHAT ABOUT THE MAN WHO SUFFERED THE DRINK?—"Gin and money is what I want. I sold it before I came in—I was in before for sixty days for selling—and when I get out I'll sell it again." So said a poor fallen woman, put in jail for selling liquor. Be it known that though they are not "horred to sell," there's lots of it sold.

Captain A. had visited her hoping to bring her to repentance. Other officers had tried it but to no avail.

"Yes, gin and money in this life—what about the next?" said the Captain.

"I don't believe God will send my soul to hell, I have hell enough in this world."

Our comrade tried to show her it was her sin made her hell, but she didn't consider it the Captain's business to come and talk like that—it wasn't a woman's place, she had her own preacher, and so on.

A few months after, hearing of her illness, the Captain and a comrade visited her again.

"Do you suffer much pain?" she was asked.

"No," was the reply.

"How about your soul, that's not right, is it?" said the Captain, and turning to the comrade added, "A poor time now to think about it."

"That's true," said the poor dying one, and became unconscious, she didn't even understand why they prayed before leaving. A few days afterwards she died as she had lived.

The papers had it: "The notorious Mrs. — died at her residence," at such a date.

Once she was a good, pure woman, had a good husband and home; drink was her curse. She went from one thing to another, was divorced, sold herself to another man.

"Gin and money" was what she wanted. She got it. Judge for yourselves if it paid.

—E.E.B.

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A METHODIST CO-HEIR WITH JESUS BOOMS THE "CRY."

"Why Do You Sell the 'War Cry'?"

In a question very often put to me. Yet I fail to see that the fact of a Methodist "peddling" WAR CRYS should call forth such a query. I think it a matter of great importance that more members of every church do not sell them.

Well, first, I have promised God obedience; next, realizing my co-heirship with Jesus to the Kingdom of God, it is my business to advance the interests of His Kingdom, because it is my Kingdom, too. I am a joint-heir with Jesus.

Again, I do it because just now it is the only thing I can do to help my brothers and sisters in the front of the fight against the hosts of evil. Jesus didn't say Mary had done a great many things, or anything wonderful, but "she hath done what she could."

Fourth: I believe the hosts of heaven are watching and learning of the working of the will of God in me, learning to "know of His manifold wisdom, according to the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus." That I may be "filled with the fulness of God." (Eph. III. 10, 11 and 19)

Reader, are you doing what you can? If you are a believer in Jesus, and are sitting at ease in Zion, waken up, and making big strides, follow the Son of God and help to bring in His Kingdom.

Be matter whether you are a Salvationist or a church member, you are responsible, not only for the privileges that you do possess, but also for those privileges that you might have.

You, who are still unawakened, have you ever thought that God has need of your help, your work? God is stuck for men and women to help Him bring in the reign of truth, and peace, and righteousness. No matter how black your past may be, leave it, look forward, and at Jesus' feet make a start for your share in His Kingdom. Remember Jesus said, "To whom much is forgiven, the same man (or woman) loveth much," and also willingly worketh much, for their labor is prompted by love.

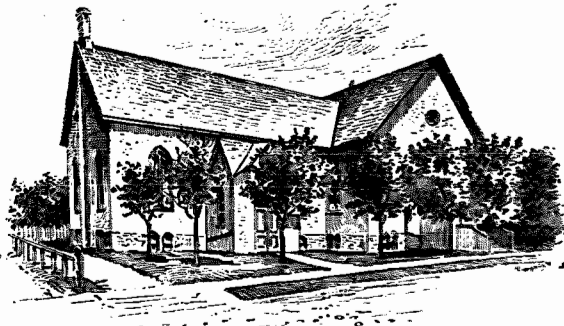
Come, all of you, and join the ranks of those of whom He will say at the last, "My Father, these have done what they could."

J. M. B.

BRIDGEWATER.

YORKTON.—We are still pressing on here. On Tuesday night, Edna Alward, also Captain Wiggins, Lieutenant Hart and two soldiers from Leamington, engaged our little platform. The meeting was grand, conviction was felt, and though no visible results, yet we know God is at work, and victory is sure to be ours. After Edna having a little confidential, and not a bit out of the way chat with some of the soldiers, our visitors left us for Leamington. The Lord bless the meeting and the Bridgewater soldiers.—KATE TONK.

St. John V. Training Home.—I am well, and having the victory over the devil. God has been kind to me. We are believing for victory. We are believing for greater things to take place.—GARY.



The Church, at Berlin, kindly loaned us for Mrs. Booth's Meeting.

Three things I want to say re Harvest Festival:

I. PREPARE FOR IT. Arrange to give all the time you can in collecting and canvassing for the scheme. Timely arrangement of household and other matters will make a big difference to the amount you are able to do. Prepare your plans. Think them over by day, ponder and dream over them by night. Make up your mind to do something fresh—to have “a new thing under the sun.” Take the matter to heart as though your life depended upon it. Prepare at once. Divide your forces. “Will be here in a few days. Get ready.

II. SET A GOOD TARGET. Don't be afraid to make a venture. You will never swim unless you do. You can but sink, anyway, and you'll surely do that if you do nothing. Launch out and go for a good thing. Commit yourself to the doing of what you aim at. Make up your mind that it has to be done. Yourself is the greatest difficulty you'll have. Conquer it, and you'll conquer all the rest.

III. DO WHAT YOU DO FOR JESUS' SAKE. Talk to the Master about it. Tell Him you are now going to show Him how much you love His Kingdom. Pray about it. Ask Him where He would like to see your corps and West Ontario Province amongst the Harvest Festival competitors. Make it a means of grace to your soul. You'll do well if you do. I have no fear of the results if you'll do this. I'm doing it and am getting blessed already.

Three seekers for the blessing crowned our visit to Stratford on August the first.

Pray for Mrs. Capt. Richardson, who has just undergone a critical operation with her throat.

Berlin followed. Had a good meeting. Went on to Guelph. Mrs. Margette joined us here. Had a tough tussle with the devil. Got the victory. Four seekers at the close, three of them colored sisters who, with “Auntie,” got the glory. Tearing the feathers from her

BECKIE KRANTZMAN.

hat, while the tears of holy joy ran down her face; the elder one did a kind of circle dance, exclaiming, “I don't want them any more.” “I've done with the devil's trash,” “Bless the Lord,” “Never no more,” “I've got what I wanted,” “Bless the Lord.”

Galt for Saturday and Sunday. “I went to the doctor, who told me I must use tobacco, and gave me a certificate to that effect, which is now in my pocket.” “That was my excuse, but I have now found that Jesus Christ can do for me more than the tobacco—which is all gone—could do,” was our testimony. One from temper, two from tobacco, in particular, and other things in general, were amongst those five who sought reconciliation at the Master's feet for the day. Mrs. Booth arrives to-night, about which you shall hear later on.

The officers at Galt, Listowel, Essex, Comber and Paris are farwelling on the 16th. Ensign Gale, of Woodstock, has the Ward System going well.

“UNITED WE STAND.”

Soldiers' Meeting at Temple.

However good our present position may be, there is surely no harm but a great amount of good to be got by an examination and a proper estimation of opportunities given and accepted.

Such were the few hours spent together on Thursday night with our beloved Provincial Officer.

The Brigade professed his remarks by a few comparisons, showing how easy, yet how hard, it is to double and even treble our present opportunities. For instance:

WAR CRY circulation, 5,563 copies. If each soldier took one we should dispose of half this number; if two were taken we could get rid of the whole without any sales in or outside the barracks.

Our present income could be sustained if each soldier gave on the average twenty-five cents per week, without the aid of friends, who would be pleased to give the same amount, thus relieving the captains and financial officers of so much responsibility and anxiety.

Good drill attendance. Monthly average 285, showing that only a seventh of our soldiers were present, whereas, if each soldier had drilled himself but twice during the month, there would have been 3,104 present.

Open-air attendance. If each soldier went to the open-air twice on Sunday and twice during the week, we should have a total of 4,760 persons proclaiming the glad tidings of God's love.

Many other interesting matters were gone into. But so much for figures, now to the more direct purpose of the meeting.

Why do not our soldiers attend open-air, knee-drill, and prayer meeting more than they do? Sad to state—allowing, of course, for those whose circumstances really forbid—it is on account of a lack of true consecration. The essence of Christianity is self-denial. The service of a Salvation Army soldier calls for self-denial, and if that spirit is lacking the service is accordingly imperfect.

This lack of self-denial has brought about a terrible state of affairs in the WAR CRY sales, the work of selling the CRY falling upon the officers. The local officers come short in the exhibition of this spirit, becoming mere office-holders, and not the foremost workers in our ranks, as they should be. There are too many dreamers. Oh, for workers, real workers!

Our does not commence with arms until the afternoon. Why should God be

HARVEST! HURRAH!

Central Ontario Notes.

By this time our comrades will have received the circular sent out by the Commandant in reference to Harvest Festival. Carefully read and conscientiously acted upon, the instructions contained in that letter, with the blessing of God, cannot fail to bring about a real successful Harvest Festival.

Captain Carruthers writes from Faversham that he intends to have a real Harvest Festival supper, and invite the folks in from around, and is contemplating satisfactory results. We shall anxiously await the total of Faversham Harvest Festival. Personally, I quite expect them to reach two or three times the amount of last year's effort. We are in for breaking the records.

“Can you lend me a horse?” is the appeal made from all parts of the country. My little Provincial seed can only be in one place at a time, and I sincerely hope our friends will rally to the help of our officers by lending them a good war horse to collect their goods with. If not, we shall have to put in a real fortnight on skank's pony.

Those officers who have long ago divided their corps into wards will now reap the benefit of this during the Harvest Festival effort. A couple of Sergeants in charge of a ward will visit every house in it, going from house to house with their collecting cards, seeking donations and gifts of all kinds of goods, thus taking the whole weight of labor from the Captain's shoulders. Those who have no wards will have to struggle to do the most of it themselves. The key of the situation is the adoption of the ward system.

Some of our comrades will be sending into Toronto what they find difficult to sell on the spot. This must in all cases be carriage paid, legibly directed, and sent to Brigadier de Burdett, corner of Lippincott and Ulster streets, Toronto. These things will be sold to the best advantage and the amount credited to each corps and passed over to their account at Headquarters.

There are many reasons why we should have a real successful Harvest Festival this year. God has wonderfully blessed us with a bountiful harvest. The tides of difficulty through which we have waded have left us in excellent fighting trim, and as if to put on a finishing stone, we have this year the promised visit of our dear General. Methinks, one of the proudest moments for our Commissioner, and also for his officers, will be when he is able to report to the General that we have more than exceeded his anticipations about the Dominion. God speed the Harvest Festival, and long live the General.

Ensign Ayre is distinctly on the war-path. He knows and appreciates the value of organization, and night and day he appears to be busy planning and scheming how he can make the Harvest Festival a success.

Many of our district officers will be able to render efficient service to their corps with their horses and rigs during this Harvest Festival effort. They will certainly have all their cut and in some cases I fear that the D O's, whole time will be taken up in collecting for his own place, still there are other instances where a little assistance can be given.

camp meeting at Corbett's Point, and a right down good help at that. Captain Smith has arrived at Bowmanville to assist, and despite the poverty of the town they too, are on full stretch to reach the goal and hit the target.

Ensign Alkenhead writes cheerily from Hamilton. Her reception and tea was just what we anticipated, and probably by this time our Hamilton comrades know as much about the great O. P. and the International Congress as the generality of us. Well, one of the surprises of this year's Harvest Festival efforts will be the position of Hamilton I. Rumor hath it that the Temple will have to look to their lunch this year.

Ensign Arkett is not very well. Some local paper there rather short of news has taken to manufacturing some, about “The Salvation Army.” In spite of this and every other difficulty, St. Catharines must come to the front.

So far as Niagara Falls is concerned, Captain Hardman is determined there shall be no lagging behind.

There is no mistake that Ensign Dowd is home again, and he, too, has caught the Harvest Festival fever. The Beavering District, from what I hear of it, is a big old field for Harvest Festival effort, and we shall be delighted to hear, as we certainly expect, that the Ensign is doing right out to the front, and has also gone in for a smattering of records. God speed you, Ensign, and give you success.

As more directly responsible for the Toronto District, my secretary has got a “move on,” and morning, noon and night, the Harvest Festival scheme is in evidence, so far as the interest is concerned. It will take a long pull and a strong pull to beat last year. Some of the corps had done better than the great year which they have this year, and it will only be a real determined effort that will enable them to maintain last year's figures. However, we have a good staff of workers in the city, and if every soldier will put his hand to the plough with a strong, steady pull together, we will end up with a shout of victory. God bless our city comrades.

Bazille District rejoices in a new help, and reports state that in lagging to leave a good many of us behind. We shall all look with expectancy to see what our last Ensign will accomplish. Unfortunately Captain Sims has not been in very good fighting trim physically, but we are hoping and praying that Bazille, also, will show her heels to every previous effort of this sort.

May God bless them all. Whatever we do, this Harvest Festival must be made a spiritual blessing and success, and the crowning point will be, if, side by side with financial results, there shall come the glorious blessed intelligence that in our glorious barracks, beneath the triumphant colors, and surrounded by the dearest gifts of God, souls have won their way to the Cross. Hallelujah for the victory, we shall win! A. DE BARRY.

“And thou shalt observe the feast of weeks of the first fruits of wheat harvest, and the feast of ingathering at the year's end.”—Ex. xxxii. 22.

DOWNS BY DANCE.—Chas. Gardiner, a partner of Geo. M. Pullman, was sent to a home for drunkards yesterday. Gardiner and Pullman were fellow-apprentices at the cabinet-maker's bench in New York State before the war. When Pullman came to Chicago, Gardiner came with him, and when Pullman started to build his first sleeping car, Gardiner was his assistant and helper. Subsequently, Gardiner was the driver of Pullman's first shop, and many of the very patents are said to be the result of his plan. He has always been infatuated with the Pullman works. He has always lived near the shops, and in late years had made it a habit to go into the shops and look at the new things being a few dimens, and then go to the main saloon. (Press. xxiii. 31.)

“Bring ye all the tithes in to the store house, and prove me now, with the Lord, . . . if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.”—Mal. iii. 10.



THE HARVEST FESTIVAL LAST YEAR, "WHICH SIDE WILL YOU BE ON?"



The Harvest Festival Rage

WHO TOPS THE LADDER?

A Challenge from Ottawa.

A BOLD STATEMENT.

Hit the Bull's-Eye.

Harvest Festival in full swing. Who will top the ladder? Here comes a challenge from Ottawa. Who dares to take it up? Will Montreal? We shall see. What about Ensign McDonald and Dad Green at Peterboro?

We are in full swing with the Harvest Festival. East Ontario and Quebec Province to the front. Targets and letters have been despatched to officers.

Ensign Combs writes to say that he is going to have the best decorated barracks in the Dominion. Here is a challenge. Will done, Ensign!

There is no reason why every barracks should not be tastefully decorated; this will help draw the crowd. Some people think boys are too clumsy and not adapted for such work as this, but let all such, once and for ever, hold their peace after the declaration from Ensign Combs. Surely there is some lady officer who can take up the challenge? Why not?

Ensign Combs has a janitor who will have no stone thrown to have the barracks fixed up A.I. I should not be surprised if he does not run Ottawa pretty close. Then what about Montreal, with the barracks newly painted and decorated. I would not wonder but what they will take the prize. Remember, there are all large places. What about the others? I will guarantee some of these places are going to knock some big ones in the shade.

I wonder where Adjutant Nixon will appear, also Captain Wiseman, Keweenaw.

Getable, and others too numerous to mention.

No one will deny that a barracks well decorated is appreciated by everybody. There is plenty of stuff in the country. If you are too proud to ask for it the chances are you will never get it. Ask and ye shall receive.

TARGETS.

Said one officers the other day: "Do not put us too high, Brigadier." I have been wondering whether I have gone high enough. If so be that I am under the calculations of any comrade, I most humbly apologize. Some corps did nobly last year, while others omitted the scheme entirely. This will not be the case in '94. The cry is "All hands to the front." Every corps can do their part.

Brigades, outposts, and every place can be worked for the success of this scheme. We take corn, wheat, potatoes, turnips, apples, dry goods, hardware, tea, groceries, and everything which can be brought into use for the glory of God and the extension of the War.

MARK YOU,

for the glory of God and His work. Who feels ashamed to beg for this? Surely no one in East Ontario Province.

Thousands have benefited through the Salvation Army. Ask them for a donation.

LAST YEAR.

Here are a few figures of what was done last year and in 1892.

Peterboro raised \$96 against \$15.75 the year previous. Well done!

Montreal I raised \$40. It was their first attempt at Harvest Festival. We shall jump over this by a long chalk this year.

Brockville raised \$16.02, while Napanee did \$49; Campbellford going in with a grand total of \$36.

Kingston topped the mark by clapping \$117.09 down. "Three cheers!"

Ottawa hit the mark at \$71, over against \$32.47 the previous year. Excellent!

Gananoque dropped out altogether, while the year previous they raised \$15.06.

Coastbrook did \$17.71. Well done, Coastbrook!

Norwood raised \$15, while Cobourg did \$6, and their neighbor, Port Hope, \$4.15, which was nearly \$7 less than 1892.

Millbrook did \$10, while Sherbrooke hit the bull's-eye at \$18. Hurrah!

Oshawa cleared the decks at \$12.12, while Maxville did \$13.

Cambridge did \$49.75, Athens \$5.50,

Huntingdon putting down \$9.50 against \$20 the year previous.

Montreal II turned the corner at \$13, Prescott ending in \$2.77, nearly \$13 less than '92, and so on other corps contributed, and they, with the rest, will have their chance of distinguishing themselves in '94.

THE GENERAL'S VISIT.

Now, dear comrades, we want to be in a position to present to our worthy General a creditable account. The field is before you, the work in your hands, and you can aim at this. I thoroughly believe it will be the grandest success on record.

I feel the Salvation Army can do anything they set their minds to, and as part and parcel of the whole concern, surely you will see that your corner shows up well.

TARGETS FOR '94.

Ah! now, my friend, do not get excited. All things come round to him who waits. Read on, gentle comrade, and you will see your amount.

The following targets have been fixed:—

Cobourg, \$25; an increase of \$20 on last year.

Port Hope, \$22; \$11 ahead of '92.

Brighton and Trenton are on a par, viz: \$15 each.

These two corps did not contribute last year. Their neighbor, Captain Brindley, will do his best to beat Brighton, and vice versa with Captain Turill.

I hope no offense will be taken at the target for Port Hope, it being a little less than Cobourg. That energetic Captain Brady will make it lively for the Cobourgnites. You will see.

Brockville is down for \$40; Perth, \$15; Prescott, \$16; Athens, \$10; Kempville, \$18.

Prescott comes back to their figure for '92. Captain Stata takes up regions here; we can depend on her reaching the target. I wonder dare she challenge Campbellville.

No offense, Captain Kendall, by putting you at \$15; ditto, Athens. Captain Broadbent, at Kempville, has been sick; as is coming round nicely. If only able to get at the Festival other corps must look out.

Cornwall is down for \$60, while Morrisburg is billed for \$25, and Overville \$12. The field in general have glanced at Cornwall and cheered them for their magnificent totals of Self-Denial. Adjutant Taylor, with his beloved wife, will see that Cornwall does not lose its reputation.

Then, what about Morrisburg. Captain

Oder is here. Odessa and Gananoque have the same targets. Now, comrades, who is going to come out best? Yet there is another at \$25, namely, Deseronto, also Cobourg.

PERSONAL.

I wonder, dear Editor, if these comrades dare challenge each other? I was going to say I would back Captain —, but then, perhaps, I had better not, or they will know my mind on the subject.

Captain Ooste is an old hand at such work as this, also Captain Churchill; but, between you and me and the gatepost, they had better look out or they may be in the shade. Captain Moffatt has gone to Deseronto. Her Lieutenant is not as big as Goliath, but will fight every inch of the way for victory.

Peterboro' is down for \$100, Bellville \$75. We have in these two wise men from the East; God says so, also that noted man in the East, Brigadier Jacobs. Now, my hearties on western soil, distinguish yourselves as only men like you can do. Kingston tops the ladder with \$125. There is something for Peterboro' to aim at. Just fancy them being beaten by the Limestone City! Over against the McGillivray is collecting for his barracks, yet by hook or by crook he is determined to get there; already he has told me of a scheme which will bring him in —. Dare that man in Peterboro' take up this challenge? I suppose he must "meekly wait and murmur not."

Montreal I. is on a level with Ottawa, their Harvest Festival will be postponed on account of the barracks.

Targets, \$85. Now we shall see who is going to come out best in these two places. I wonder whether Ensign Wiseman will desire to come in this ring, and put both these comrades in the shade. Now, McLean, you have done well for the barracks, you are to have —. Min. Booth for the reopening, this will all help you for the Festival. God bless Montreal.

No. II. is down for \$40, Huntington, \$20; and La Chute, \$6, while the French corps has to reach \$10, and Quebec City, ditto.

Campbellford did \$35 last year, and an increase of \$10 on this will bring them up to the mark.

Note: This is \$5 more than Montreal II. What does Captain McHargy say about this? Could he beat it?

Sherbrooke and Coastbrook have targets at \$30. Ensign Patterson will have to look out, or Captain Moodie will give him the go-by. She distinguished herself nobly last year at Friend and Foe; look out, Patterson. Bedford, Stanstead and Waterloo are down for \$15 each; these corps have outposts, brigades, and what grand little festivals can be held all round the shop, and this amount raised. Captain Ayling takes the lines at Stanstead, in her new capacity as Captain; what may we expect, ditto, from Captain Meisner. Captain Connor, at Richmond, is down for \$10, only \$3 ahead of '92.

Pembroke comes in the ring with \$35, \$15 above their neighbor Napanee. My, what a race these two corps had last year over Self-Denial. Both did splendidly, what may we not expect from them this year. Napanee is \$2 above Sanbury, namely \$20. Captain Parsons takes the latter place, and with all the places she has to work, it may be possible that Napanee will be left; but then I do not know, Captain Holman is from the East, and if we cannot put her down as the wise man, we will as the wise woman. Millbrook, \$20. Bloomfield, \$18. Pictou, \$20. The latter corps only did \$14 in '92. This is a splendid place for the Army, and just the place for the Festival. Captain Baird has the matter in hand, and will come to the front with flying colors. Norwood comes in \$15, this is \$3 less than Bloomfield, and Bloomfield is even lower than Millbrook, yet on a par with Sanbury. Now, my dear comrades, you have a chance to beat the record, and do one of the grandest things on record for the Harvest Festival.

Portsmouth is down for \$10, and all places near by the corps have their targets. Now, my dear comrades, you have not much time to waste, have matters well in hand when this appears in the pages of the CRY. Spare no pains, work early and late to bring your corps right up to its target. Get everybody working, distribute the responsibilities, and that will conquer, and lighten the burden, bringing in a glorious harvest.

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Above all do not forget to put on extra meetings, make big announcements, arrange special events. Bring your wits into requisition as well as work with plenty of this and faith in Almighty God. I truly believe we shall have a brilliant success in the Province, and the Commandant will not be disappointed in the desired increase on last year's amount.

God bless you, one and all.

W. T. Booth.

CO-OPERATION

— IN THE —

CAUSE OF CHRIST!

The Salvation Army Dairy and Grocery Store in Connection with Our Social Farm.

SCHEME NO. 37 OF THE JUBILEE PROGRAM.

"Necessity is the mother of invention. A few officers at Headquarters, who were feeling the grind of our extreme poverty, both as regards the public exchequer and their personal wants, thought they might assist the one end and the other by clubbing together and buying their requirements of a little show, the profits of which were to be divided between the customers and the Army."

"Why shouldn't we pay back as much as possible of our scanty wages into the impoverished funds of the work dearer to us than our lives? We ask. The reply came up in the shape of a little look-up store up a side street, which was rented at \$10 a month, but which already promises to prove to us one or two things in the silver linings of our own resources. The Almighty has been too long put off with the prayer-book and Psalms for His living in the world. Why not bring Him more into touch with the practical concerns of commerce, where, with, too often, hoarded out of His reach, is to be accumulated. The idea that to trade for God is out of keeping with true reverence, is all pure prejudice. What is right for God's people to do for themselves must be much more permissible for them to do for Him. Hence it is possible our little store may become the seedling of a great profit-making business for God and His poor. Who knows!—THE COMMANDANT."

WOULD YOU LIKE to come down and see the cellar?"

WHAT WE SELL

YOU CAN

RELY UPON.

tative of the War Cry. Not one word of introduction or explanation. Not a "How-d'y-e-do!" or, "God-bless-you!"—simply that bare unvarnished query, "Would you like to come down and see the cellar?"

We had lingered for a moment outside the broad store windows reading the signs and wording painted in gilt letters on the crystal-clear plate glass. On the one pane, "SAVING ARMY CO-OPERATIVE GROCERY," on the other, "Supplies from Our Social Farm."

We had glanced with sober admiration at the cool, betseful arrangement within the windows. We saw the milk-tin on the white oil-cloth, with a blue marble running through, and the polished tumblers up-side down. Amongst the palm-plants and clematis we read the inviting statement, "Fresh milk, two cents a glass."

We had solli-quized for a brief second on the excellent position of the place. Probably through that long, hot mid-summer Saturday hundreds and thousands of people had passed in the world's busy traffic down Konge Street.

Half within and half without the doorway stood round, wooden bushel-baskets, filled to their capacious depths with nuts and lemons. Above our eyes swung a huge bunch of bananas from the sunny South. The fragrance of some tropical land filled all the air.

Finally we entered, armed with all the official regalia of a note-book and a pencil. Then it was that the brother with the long white apron came charging full-till upon us from behind the counter.

"Would you like to come down and see the cellar?" said he.

However, this was no surprise, for if you notice you will find that the Salvationist proper is anxious for you to see behind the scenes. He courts your scrutiny. He wants you to know how the wheels go round.

If you are on a visit of inspection to the Rescue Home, it is quite likely to be:

"What a pity you didn't come on a washing day to watch the girls at work!" Or at the Children's Shelter, "Don't you want to see us bath the babies?" Or at the Farm, "This is where we boil the pig's-will."

No doubt this principle has been one of the main key-stones of the prosperity of the Salvation Army—the great fundamental doctrine of THOROUGHNESS. The conviction which permeates our ranks, that

"Jesus wants the temple pure, from ceiling to the floor, He even wants the corners clean, the shelf behind the door."

You see this quality in the holiness meeting, where the soldier prays, like Peter:

"Wash me, but not my feet alone.
My head, my hands, my heart."

You see it in the open-air, with the officers when, whole-voiced, they "go for the sinners, and go for the worst."

It is the very same principle that caused King David to exclaim, "There is not a word in my tongue; but, lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether. . . Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me."

"Would you like to come down and see the cellar?"

Of course we would, so down we descended to the regions below. No close, musty-smelling hole this—like some cellars we know; all here was cool, handy, and clean, with excellent arrangement for the reception of the milk as it comes in new in the early dawn, radiant of the sweet grass and clover of our Social Farm, with its thirty cows, and kindly mission of work for the submerged.

Along one side of the wall, a row of deep tanks stand.

"In here," explained our guide, "we stand the cans as they come in fresh from the Farm. Between the cans we place the blocks of ice, and then turn these taps on—so—till the tins are completely surrounded with ice-water. They cannot help keeping cool and sweet. This arrangement, at the end here, we call a 'cooler'; so that if we have any milk over—which very rarely happens—none may be wasted, for we place it here, and the cream rising to the top, we can make a little butter. Oh, yes; we could sell a good deal more milk than we have at present. Other perishable goods we store down here, too.

Convinced that the subterranean arrangements were absolutely satisfactory, we arose again to the surface, to the lot of an every-day August world. Was it the contrast that suggested the buried death of Anania, or was it the scent of the pine and nutmeg?

Beyond the store there were two sheds or compartments.

"This," he explained, "is a sort of store-room where we keep our unsold stock. Here we do our packing and shipping."

"What are those barrels?"

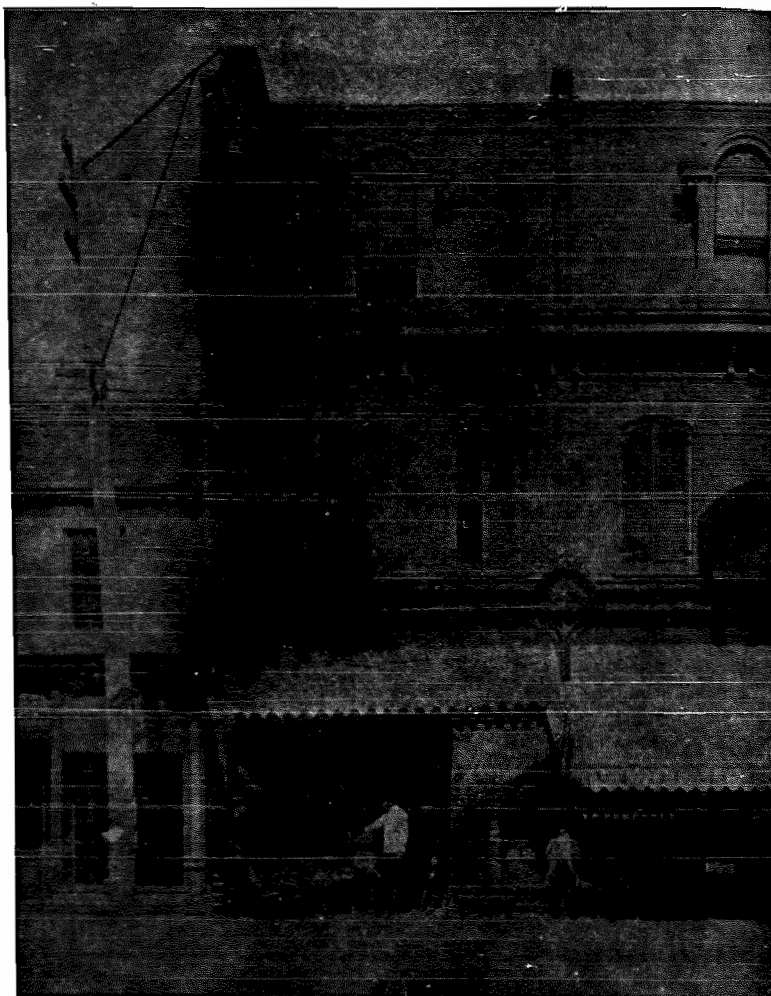
"Oh, sugar, rice, tapioca, etc. That side, you see, is piled with ropes, brushes, brooms, and there are lamp-shades, washboards, clothes-lines and such-like. This shed we keep for washing and soiling the cans after they are used. Yes, that's quite a bit of work for three of us, but it's all very necessary."

Beyond the sheds we came upon the stables, with two comfortable horse stalls, each with its own manger and feed-trough, and a kindly eyeing us over their oats, and our kindly known, brightly-painted little gypsy wagon, with the device again, "Salvation Army."

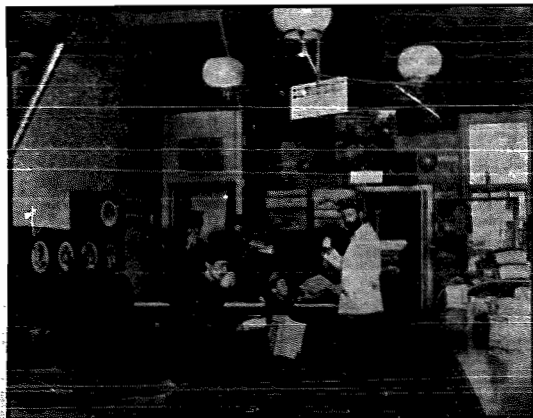
"But this isn't all?" we queried.

"No, no! We keep three wagons going constantly, two with milk, and one with groceries. Each driver attends to his own horse."

Returning to the store we called a halt, and drew breath, whilst taking a general bird's-eye survey of the sun and shade of the stock on view. Far too much to do, to describe. Sugar and apples, and all that's nice; Java coffee, and such; Fragrances in the air! Breakfast cereals, corn, wheat, and the best of breadstuffs, Christie's, of course. Figs and dates, a monde, filberts, pruned and pruned. Delicate world—all good gifts of God! What a beneficent Creator is ours! Father of Mercies, boundless in love! People say Earth has food enough and to spare for all her needy children. If they would only be at the trouble to develop the rich resources of the land.



THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE, FRONT VIEW.



AT THE MILK COUNTER, CO-OPERATIVE STORE.

**BOUNTEOUS
CANADA!**

**THE JUBILEE
BLEND OF TEA**

OUR PEOPLES PURSE

THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT, CO-OPERATIVE STORE

recruits, who had fair to become real blood-and-fire soldiers.

anyway, you can expect the WAR
Cry to get full particulars on this line."

What have our soldiers and friends to say of this, especially those living on the lake sides? Will it not be a fitting time to send the Commandant a donation to help recover the loss? The blow falls heaviest on him, although every one of his staff share the disappointment keenly. Immediately after the news of the fire reached Headquarters the members of our Board of Expenditure, then sitting telegraphed a message of sympathy to the Commandant who was conducting a campaign at Brantford. We are sure our comrades everywhere

[illegible]

HARVEST MANIFESTO BY THE COMMANDANT.

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS,

TORONTO, ONT.

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for us He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."



"Every man according as he hath bestowed of his own heart: so let him give; not grudgingly or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver."



"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."



"They that dwell under his shadow shall not be ashamed; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine."



"And the floors shall be full of wheat, and the bins shall overflow with wine and oil."

"Thrust in thy sickle, and gather the clusters of the vine of the earth; for her grapes are fully ripe."

"He that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped."

"Thrust in thy sickle, and reap: for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe."

My Dear Comrades:

What more can I say to insure your determined endeavor to make our Harvest Festival of 1894 the greatest success yet achieved? Thank God for the ever-increasing sign given me from all over the land that you need little urging, but you are on fire equally with me to bring about a splendid triumph.

"We have Conquered in Times that are Past."

Let this assurance help and encourage us for another advance. One or two thoughts to help your effort.

The General is coming! This is our last united effort before we see the face of our veteran leader. He will expect us to do our duty, and he shall hear, on his arrival in Newfoundland, that that duty has been gloriously accomplished. Shall he not?

Our King is looking! But above all this mere human incentive, useful as it is, is the greater fact that God sees us. He is looking into our hearts, not only at what we accomplish, but what we MIGHT accomplish. He knows how much we ought to do, each of us. Shall we disappoint Him? I don't believe we shall.

The country is inviting. Around us on every side the harvest of rich grain, the earth's produce of all kinds, seems to invite us to come and take its offering to the treasury of the Lord. Let us go and ask for it. Nay, let us go, and with the authority of God's people, demand the share which by rights belong to His house and His cause. More and more am I convinced that this is God's plan for relieving us of the great burden that so oppresses us. See how much it has done already. You will find it comparatively easy to secure gifts of kind when gifts of cash are all but impossible. "The earth is the Lord's" by right "and the fulness thereof." Let us go for it.

Don't forget the Farm. No branch of the Army work will appeal more to the farmers of Canada than will our latest development. We have a Farm of our own now, which we trust will become not only the means of a livelihood to many a poor man, but what is far more important, the instrument of his eternal salvation.

Now, will you not do what you can to find us stock or grain, and thus have your share in launching this enterprise for God and souls?

In conclusion, I can only once more repeat how certainly I look to you for a desperate encounter, and how sure I am of your winning a splendid victory. The tide everywhere continues to rise, souls are getting saved, and new opportunities are opening up before us. May God make us all equal to them.

Your affectionate leader,

"And I will sow her unto me in the earth; and I will have mercy upon her that had not obtained mercy; and I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people, and they shall say, Thou art my God."



"He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor: his righteousness remaineth for ever."



"Now be that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness."



"God is able to make all grace abound toward you; and ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."



"And He shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and the former rain, into the earth."

Peterboro' District.

BRIGADIER SCOTT AND THE LIGHT-BRIGADE TO THE FRONT.

A Banquet and a Banquet—An Interesting Campaign—Many Adventures—English Madras and Spikes.

After securing a pair of horses and a good rig I started for Warkworth, accompanied by the Light-Brigade, composed of three Blood-and-fire lancers. Chubbie Mike was to have come with us, but could not get away. We arrived at Warkworth in good time and found Captain Beckett in grand spirits ready for her next appointment; she has done a good truck at Warkworth. We had a nice crowd in the meeting at night, Sister Patton and Sister Mitchell's sales with satisfactory accompaniment took well. Next day we drove to Alderville, an Indian settlement, where the people are very fond of the Salvation Army. Professor Ovey did his best to make us feel at home; everybody seemed to enjoy themselves at the little banquet he got up, which was served in the open-air, in proper Indian style.

We had the privilege of being present at a meeting held for the purpose of welcoming their New Pastor;

all the speakers at this meeting had some good to say about the Salvation Army. We had a Salvation meeting afterwards with about 200 people present. God enabled us to deal out the truth, which I trust, will bear fruit to His glory.

Our next move is to Campbellford, where we are summoned for Friday, Saturday and Sunday. We started off by a Soldier's meeting on Friday night, quite a few soldiers turned up and we had a good time together. Saturday night,

Brigadier Scott

appeared on the scene. We had a good lively march. A soldier told me it was the best march he had ever been in.

Sunday morning, at knee-drill, a man came to the penitential-form, but as the Brigadier dealt with him about giving up his tobacco, he was unwilling to do so, and of course, did not get victory.

We went in on straight lines in the holiness meeting. The Lord backed the truth home, and two brought deliverance.

Again at night the soldiers took hold well in the prayer meeting. We closed after

Two Souls

had gained victory.

I am sure every comrade will pray for Mrs. Captain Walker and the little cadet which arrived Sunday morning. God bless the babe.

Our next stopping place is Norwood, where we are to spend Monday and Tuesday. We had a good crowd to talk to in the open-air, and I believe good was done. We left Sister Patton at this place to help Captain Beckett, while her Lieutenant's room. Norwood is called a hard shop, but I am believing that Captain Beckett will have the victory.

The Brigadier got back all right for the half-night of prayer at Peterboro'. We felt very anxious for the success of this meeting, and

God Did Answer

our prayers. His power was felt from start to finish, when a beautiful row of seekers were found giving themselves up to God.

Thursday, a big go at Millbrook—banquet and band concert. Brigadier Scott and Peterboro' brass band to the front. A good number sat down to partake of the good

things. A good crowd in the barracks, and there we had

Music, Singing, and Dancing.

It was evident that "they who the Son hath made free are free indeed." The people were glad to see some of their old officers present. Captain Cameron, Captain Taylor, and Lieutenant Look all delivered short, powerful addresses. Captain McDow said farewell without shedding any tears, and the band boys banded the Brigadier at the finish.

DIABOLICAL WORK OF TRAIN WRECKING.

A fearful wreck, involving the loss of eleven lives, has occurred on the Chicago Pacific Railway. All indications point to the train wreckers as the cause. The theory is that the rails had been tampered with. The engine was just crossing the trestle over Salt Lake creek when it left the track, and with a crash fell forty feet into the creek below. The engine burst, and the coaches immediately took fire. Heroic efforts were made to save the unfortunate ones, but not before many had perished and others suffered terribly. What is man without God—degraded, you, even devils.

TREACHERY.



Johnny found out that the General is coming, and thought he would wake up his grandpa to tell him the good news.

Self-Crucifixion.

"Come ye disciples, where ye ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, for ye have sinned,
Here bring your wounded heart, here tell your anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

I feel to-night like begging you to take this small message to any whose hearts seem crushed, for I feel in speaking through you I am speaking to many whose hearts bleed, many who feel like saying, "Lord, this blow is too heavy," so just here I wish to ask you, dear burdened one, if it is a loving Father, God, Who allows this blow, can you truthfully say, "It is too heavy, when His loving, Almighty arms are open. His great, loving heart yearning to bear all the burden for you?"

Did you not hear His voice saying, "Cast thy burden, my child, on Me; take instead My yoke; My yoke is easy. My burden is light?"

Or did you turn away, not knowing where to look when that dreadful blow seemed to shut even God from your sight? Yet He Who has borne your sin wants to bear your sorrow, too.

Again, I may be speaking to some who are undergoing a fierce conflict in their soul. I, too, have passed through that, comrade; I, too, know what it is to take the last atom of self, and tearing it from my soul, say, "Not my will, but Thine through me. Yet only the Son of God who sees your heart as He sees mine, can understand and supply certain strength, give you certain victory."

Do you think for a moment I regret any sacrifice I have made for His dear sake? I could gladly again undergo the agony of that self-crucifixion, such sweet peace, such real lasting joy does it bring to my soul.

Again, if you have fallen into great temptation, or if you have heard his call to cast out the right eye, to cut off the right hand that offendeth, I beseech you, though it be dearer than life, though your very life seem to depend on it, claim the power of Divine love by casting it from you. He waits to pour into your soul love for fallen humanity that will crowd out every selfish thought.

Comrade, He Who giveth more grace will do for you exceeding abundantly above what you can ask or think.

LILLIE J. BRYANTON.

BRampton.—SOUL-HARVESTING.—Since last report a harvest has been made for mercy. Bless the Lord. Open-airs are good, although our soldiers are busy, so we often have to stand alone; but Jesus is helping us. Captain Savage came along on Saturday, and gave us a helping hand over Sunday.

WAR.



The result—a sudden exit.

PICKED BREVETIES.

PICKER.

Slaying is cheaper than doctoring.

A man is what he thinks; like water, he finds his level.

The blessing that is not used proves a curse.

Nothing will do more to improve the looks than sunshine in the heart.

It is honor for a man to cease from strife, but every fool will be meddling.—Prov. xx. 3.

The right kind of a man always learns something worth knowing from a mistake.

A workman that needs no overseer is two workmen.

There is a cry made about the finding of bacteria in cigars. Salvationists, you need not fear.

A comrade testifies: "I am glad to belong to a people who are always on duty."

If we are at peace with God and our own conscience, what enemy among men need we fear?

In telegraphy, Australia has 45,000 miles of wire against Canada's 31,000, and the people send three times more messages than in the Dominion.

Not for theology, but for humanity Jesus died.

It is not your opinions God wants, but you.

"I would rather win one soul for Jesus Christ than have a monument of pure gold which would reach from earth to heaven."—D. L. MOODY.

For the first time after all these centuries, the Dead Sea is to be navigated. Two sailing vessels belonging to the Sultan are to be placed upon these famous waters. Now for the Salvation navy.

An American Salvation Army officer, previous to being saved, wandered through a graveyard in a drunken state, stumbled into an open grave and stayed there until after he had slept off his drunken stupor.

"There will be a meeting in this church to-morrow evening, brethren," said the Nebraska pastor, "for the purpose of praying for rain. At the same time and place we shall take up a collection to defray the expenses of bringing to this neighborhood the rainmaker who have been so remarkably successful in other portions of the state. It is hoped there will be a very large attendance. We will now close by singing the decology."—Chicago Tribune.

YARMOUTH, N.S.

THE FIRE IS SPREADING.—Since my last report we have had great victories. A number of souls have been saved. The soldiers are all on fire, they are taking a great hold of the WAR CRY. The tide is rising.—Captain CROSBY.

VANCOUVER.

READY FOR ANYTHING. THE DEVIL'S CONFESSION. TWO SUNDAYS PAST.—Sunday, the 29th, was a blessed time, when two seeking sinners found a seeking Saviour, to the joy of their souls. Monday, the 30th, the devil brought one of his combinations to town, called a circus, and many of his followers were there; but the barbed wire was not empty, and the Lieutenant was equal to the occasion, and left the platform, and led a charge right in amongst the congregation, and captured two prisoners, whom the Lord set free, and sent them on their way rejoicing.—K. H.

PEACE WITH HONOR.



An explanation as to why he did it was brought forgiveness.

HALIFAX.

THREE IN THE FOUNTAIN.—The Lord is our life and strength, and by His power we are working for the salvation of souls. On Saturday night a brother volunteered out for salvation. Blessed times on Sunday; three souls came to the mercy-seat in the night meeting. Hallelujah.—Sergeant Major CANER.

KEMPTVILLE.

A SICK CAPTAIN; BUT A BRAVE LIGHT-ARMY.—On account of the warm weather our crowds are small, but still we keep believing. Our Captain is sick and not able to be to the front with us; but we hope and trust she



WATFORD BRASS BAND.

Band-leader Apted. Lieutenant Pettit. Bandman V. Collier. Captain Dean. Bandman Wray.
Bandman K. Collier. Mrs. Collier.

FIRST CORNET.—Thank God, I am nicely saved and in to do the will of God. Saved and kept by the grace of God.

SECOND CORNET.—Living for God's glory, in to do His will.

SECOND TENOR.—Trusting in God I shall gain all things. THOMPSON.—My face is Zion-ward. I am using my talents for God.

BASS.—Saved from sin—from the world, flesh and devil.

CLARK'S HARBOR.

HIS FATHER COULDN'T PRAY.—Instead of visiting from house to house this week we have been visiting from hay field to hay field. We felt, as we gathered the workers together for a few minutes of prayer, and I spoke to them of Jesus, that the Lord came very near. The Lord is working here; eighteen souls have left the broad way of sin. One dear little lad found Jesus and went home to get his father to pray with him, his father not being in the right condition to pray with him, felt his need of a Saviour, and the next night found him at our penitential-form crying for God to save him. Fervently, we are getting along well in our souls.—Captain JONES and Lieutenant FRASER.

MILLFORD.

THE OLD RELIANCE.—Oh, the memories of by-gone days. The old town hall at Millford, your humble servant, Mrs. Landers, Captain Kendall and the Picton band, gave the Millford folks a musical treat on certain Friday night in July, when a large number of folks—male and female, old and young—old gathered, among whom were recognized the old reliable Uncle Lew Head, and Brother Van Bladen. When were you, Brother Robert Scott?—"PICKER."

will soon be well. Lieutenant Piper, when the Lord has sent to roll on the chariot wheel, is holding on heavily, doing her best to bring souls to God. Look out for news in future.—NELLIE CARTER for Captain BRADSHAW.

PORT WILLIAM.

WAR DECLARED.—We are still pressing forward in the war for the destruction of the devil, and men to press on until he, i.e., the devil and his allies, are totally routed from this town. In the Sunday evening meeting the Spirit of God brought conviction to many, but none would surrender. May the Spirit of God stir with them until they accept of the mercy of a kind and loving Saviour.—A. WALKER.

PICTON.

WHERE TWO WERE MADE ONE.—It seems like home to get back to an old acquaintance, especially a successful one, also to the cups where you were married. Thursday, a well-attended meeting; Saturday night, an old-time meeting with four at the penitential-form. Sunday, immense crowds of old and new friends. The income was increased for the week about \$16 above the ordinary. Besides this our old friends and soldiers gave us our travelling expenses from Hamilton to Picton and return. Good again.—"PICKER."

SLEDGE-HAMMER BLOWS At Worldly Religion.

BY AUXILIARY WRITER.

"O'ry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show thy people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sin."—ISAIAH LVIII. 1.

The other day while in conversation with a gentleman, a leading member of one of our principal churches, the subject of worldliness among professing Christians was introduced, and among other things he said he attributed most of it to the lack of plain dealing and straight talking. They might go to the theatre, ball room, and other places of amusement, and follow all the ridiculous fashions and were never told it was wrong. No matter what the leaders of the people are, and no matter what they fail to do that is no reason for men and women going astray. They have the open Bible, and that is as plain as God could make it. What can be plainer than the following: "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Again, "Come out from among them and be ye separate," saith the Lord. Again, "Discover, therefore, will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." And again, "If any man (or woman) love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father but of the world." But notwithstanding their responsibility to God and His Word, it seems next to impossible to get men and women to

Rise Higher Than Their Leaders.

Oh, what need then for men and women who will cry aloud and spare no one, but tell the Scribes and Pharisees of the present day of their sins. This command is not only given to ministers and Salvation Army officers but to every man and woman who has taken upon himself or herself the name of Christian. In my relation with the Salvation Army and my experience in dealing with the unconverted, I have been very much impressed with the number I meet who tell me "they don't believe there is anything in religion." When pressed for a reason the answer generally is, "There is no difference between the Christians I know and the worldly people; they dress the same, keep the same company, enjoy the same sports and games, just as quick to take advantage in a bargain, and not as willing to help in time of need as others." That it is true is not in doubt, and it is not that it is true, and it is in this that is driving men and women to infidelity, more especially our young people. It never was and

Never Will be Popular

to tell men and women who profess to be Christians of their sins and that they are no better than the drunkard or harlot in the sight of God. It was that that made the Scribes and Pharisees crucify Christ. It was that that made them stone Stephen, and it will make them hate you, but for the sake of their immortal souls, for the sake of Christ and His kingdom, and for the sake of those you are leading either to heaven or hell, let me beseech you, as those who take his own responsibility, to hold back your sword from blood no longer, but cry aloud, "Spare not," and though you may meet with Stephen's death it will pay you better in the end than to go with the worldly professor and at last wake up in hell. Ministers of Christ, you will meet your members at the bar of God. Officers of the Salvation Army, you will meet your soldiers there. Sabbath School teachers, you will meet your class there. Fathers and mothers, you will meet your children there. Brothers and sisters, you will meet each other there, and will they have to say to you, "Had you taught me better, by both precept and practice, I would not be cast out?" And you who are

Following the World

and expecting to get to heaven, you are simply expecting an impossibility. What will it profit you if you gain the whole world, all its amusements, all its luxury, all its gold, and all its honors, and at last lose your own soul?

"I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil. They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. Sanctify them through Thy truth. Thy word is truth."—JOHN XVII. 15, 17.

'CAPTAIN!' If you have not received sufficient printed matter and collecting cards for the **HARVEST FESTIVAL** effort apply to the Financial Secretary at Territorial Headquarters.

Pugwash, N. S.—BANQUETING! Recently we had with us Esquire Mrs. Oughton and Captain Prince from Springfield, also some of the soldiers and Captain Heider from Stellarton. We had a good time. Grand banquet and jubilee at night, and I tell you the people of Pugwash know just how to help, too. God bless them and save those that are in sin.—*Captain KATY.*

PETROLEA.

GLEN RAE, A VILLAGE OF BELTS AND BARREL HEADS. His FEEL OF HIS KNEES. BROUGHT HIS WIFE.—Glen Rae is a village noted for the number of stove bolts and barrel heads turned out in the year. Brother and Sister Lucas, who have been stoned. Salvationists, live here, and we go in for a camp meeting for three days. Willing hands helped with the work of getting lumber, etc., for platform, seats, etc., and about eight p.m. on Saturday night we began. A good crowd assembled, and we had a splendid beginning. Kneel-drill was rather poorly attended so many of the people are farmers, and they preferred to come at 10:30. The holiness meeting was a time when the Spirit carried the truth to the hearts of the people, and a great number were stirred. Three p.m. a mass crowd gathered, and much liberty and freedom was enjoyed. Testimonies and song came thick and fast, followed by a good prayer meeting, in which

TWO SIXTEEN SOUGHT SALVATION.

The night meeting was indescribable. The best of salvation was given; the Spirit had a chance to work, and misery was written vividly on many countenances. One man rose up and went out, but came back and fell for his knees and cried to God to save him. The tears flowed, the soldiers shouted, the angels came near, and the Spirit brought a pardon for twenty-five years of backsliding. Oh, what rejoicing! Oh, what liberty! Oh, what gladness! The old saints got warmed up so the women rushed up and kissed their brother, while the tears were down her cheeks, tears of joy and thanksgiving, for there seemed no other way of giving expression to the feelings of the heart.

Monday night found another splendid crowd and God's Spirit in the midst. One sister prayed for the redemption of her husband, while another precious soul sought and

OWEN DOWN.

TOUGH FIGHTING.—Writing a report for the WAR CRY is rather a hard matter when there are no souls to report. Sinners are so hardened that it seems impossible to get hold of them. Oh, that God would let a wave of salvation sweep over this town and bring some of the careless ones to Himself!

We had a visit from Captain Ed. Lee. His old friends were glad to see him. He faithfully warned those people in that Sunday night meeting still none would come to the Lamb of God. What a judgment theirs will be!—*Mrs. J. STEVENSON, S. C.*

For thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, The daughter of Babylon is like a threshing-floor: it is time to thresh her; yet a little while and the time of her harvest shall come.—Jeremiah II, 33.

Selly Cove, Newfoundland.—"God-TIMBERED SOULS AND HEAVENS FILLED." Many have been the partings since last I wrote to you. Some of our soldiers have left for the banks, and more, for all the summer season.

On the 10th of June, Sergeant-Major, with five more of the comrades furloughed for the Straits. Some left a while before them. We can say that their farewell was a blessed one. God cheered our souls and filled our hearts with joy by saving one poor backslider. This we all felt it was a good feast. Talk about getting salary! Why, there is no payment seems so good as to see a soul saved. She is blood-and-fire! I do believe she will be a real Salvation Army soldier. Hallelujah! In the afternoon, a beautiful little open-air was held up on a high rock, where from us

Sinner, poor sinner, the Judgment is coming, and a wonderful day for you if you go to the bar unprepared. Oh, don't stay any more in the fold, the grass is green. Don't stay on the road that will lead you to hell. Remember, poor sinner, when you are on that road you are in danger of going to the very place.

Sister, beware of thyself; it's no good to cry when all hope for thee is gone, and the flames of hell around thee. Ah, poor sinner, come to Jesus, get washed in the blood that takes away all sin.

I am sure our beautiful WAR CRY will take these few words to thousands of dear WAR CRY readers which I have not, nor ever shall use, to speak about salvation; but as a sister that loves your souls, I will ask you all to come to Jesus.

Everybody has got to die, and most all seem to be telling us hard for the body, which some day will go to the dust of the earth, often forgetting about the soul that Christ died for.

When I was half-blind and not able to see owing to the things of this world I thought if no one would look after me when I was dead it should be done before I die. Oh, how I used to often trouble my mind, and that was how to have a headache on my grave.

Now, I was getting good payment at this time, living in a large cottage with high hills from Scotland, getting from six to eight dollars a month. I was there over three years. It's too long to tell you all, so to make a long story short I will cut it off, for may be the dear WAR CRY won't take it.

Twenty-five dollars for a husband. The was put away by itself, and before I was a soldier in the Salvation Army you say me a good song before I would spend no cent of that. But since I became a soldier in the Army it soon went for the effigy; as after another got it all. Thank God, he gave me good eyesight. The twenty-five dollars was nothing to me. God gave me to see the



GLEN RAE CAMP.—Esquire Clark and his Noble Warriors add another to the Series of Successful Camp Meetings held this Season.

found deliverance at the mercy-seat. The brother who was at the bar of God brought his wife to the meeting and drank and prayed with her till she surrendered and came out and cried to God to save her. Oh, how happy that home was made! The husband in about seventy-eight years of age and served God for six years, but he had never led him astray, and for twenty-five years he has been living on the banks, but joy came, and he is now happy in the Lord.

If the meetings could have been continued for another week many souls no doubt would be saved. Captain McKee, who has been laid aside for some time, but who is much better, helped greatly to make the meetings a success, as did the Lucas family, Sister Walker and Brother Hollingshead. The Lord rewarded them for all their efforts.—*Esquire R. CLARK.*

MORRISBURG.

BLESSED IS A SALON AND SOLD BY CRY.—We are rolling on. We had only three WAR CRY left for Sunday's meetings. A group of men were standing in one hotel when Captain Ode entered with the CRY. "I'll start it off, and say, 'God bless her on the road,'" said one, at the same time saying a CRY and taking a drink. It proved a good start, for she sold six before leaving the hotel.

We sold our regular number of *All the World* all in one meeting, it being the special Jubilee number.

On Sunday night two men held up their hands in prayer, but would not rise to the Spirit's stirrings. We are believing for a spiritual earthquake that will shake the foundations of the hard-hearted and indifferent people in Morrisburg.—*Bessie WATKINS.*

the wind carried the sound to meet all the people of our little town. As soon as a farewell meeting from Captain William Denny, who has been a good faithful soldier in the corps—one who has, and will be missed for a long time. The meeting was a grand one, many a tear was shed, the comrades all making of the help and blessing that Captain Denny has proved to them since he has been saved. The testimonies were heart-searching as they were given one after another. Everyone that spoke good words, were given to help and cheer him, who was to say goodbye to all he knew and loved. One of his comrades said:

"I am glad that God is sending out so many ministers from Selly Cove corps."

As he went on with words of cheer, I felt real good myself to be present. His own brother—little Johnny—got up and told how glad he was that God had done so much for him, and: "I am also glad that God has done so much for my brother, and as he is now going to leave us, and going out to work for God, I hope the Lord will give him twenty thousand souls."

Father George Denny shouted out, "That's too much, Johnny; that's too much!"

"No!" shouted Father William Reed, "That's not one bit too much," as he was standing to get his chance to have something to say about it. After a portion of God's Word was read, the Captain furloughed. We believe many a heart was touched. In the prayer meeting one came out and cried for Jesus.

Since coming here to Selly Cove, four have left for the field. May they all be flames of fire in the hands of God, to be used in bringing many souls to Jesus.

headstone was no good to my grave if my was not in heaven.

I can say I have got one eye single to the glory of God, and I can see clearly.

Therefore saith He unto them. The harvest truly is great but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest.—*Luke x, 2.*

Theford Corps means victory. WAR CRY ALL SOLD OUT ON SATURDAY. Sunday, seven a.m., we took for our watershed for the day, "To the uttermost Zeal." Say it in faith. In holiness meeting a precious soul

AFTER A STRUGGLE

surrendered, ventured his all on God, and proved that the sins of years had been washed away. Hallelujah! David defeated and a victory was won. God's power felt all day, but compelled to close the night meeting on the solemn lines of the lesson that was read. I called you but you answered not.—*St. JACOB.*

ERRATA.

Prescott.—Will you kindly correct the mistake in the WAR CRY report of the 11th under the heading of, "A Basin of Tears." The was the first to give herself to God, which should be, "Sister Wren, Mrs. Smith sister," and oblige yours in Christ, Captain W. H. Denny.

FISH COLLECTION.

Many Souls and Happy Hearts.

TRINITY BAY DISTRICT.

After being in St. John having a little counsel together and seeing the great Bridge continued we leave on Saturday morning by train for Dildo. We had a nice time, and just before we came to our destination a gentleman came down to the end of the car, where Mrs. Freeman and myself were and made enquiries as to where we were going, and apparently he appreciated our work, so he gave me a \$2 bill.

When we got to the station we met three or four soldiers who had come to take our baggage out to Dildo. Mrs. Freeman and myself intended walking, but some kind friend took Mrs. Freeman up in his carriage. Truly, we sang, "The Lord will provide."

The Captain and Lieutenant were under

Farewell Orders

and the people did not like it, and they pitched into me for taking them away.

Captain Bradbury and Lieut. Legge have done a good work at Dildo and New Harbor. We spent three days at this place and we feel like saying if you want a good time, and to see a lot of blood and fire soldiers you had better come this way.

"We'll have no fish this summer." So said some people, because the Army was there. But they were false prophets, for this summer's fishing has been the best for ten years. Go on, comrades, and you'll get the fish all right, sure, too, if you live right and keep to first principles.

Our Sunday morning holiness meeting was a blessed one, when some ten came forward, some for pardon and others for cleansing, so we finished up with a hallooish dance. In the afternoon we had an open air meeting and a meeting inside. In the lodge at New Harbor a good time was spent, but night was the crowning time, the building was packed. We had our meeting at the close of the reform service, which was led by the Rev. Mr. Howard. The Spirit of God was felt right through the meeting, and as we were singing a chorus in the testimony meeting one young lad left his seat and came and threw himself down at the mercy-seat and cried to God to have mercy upon him, and he was not disappointed, for in a short time he could arise and tell to all that God had pardoned his sin. We continued the meeting, and at the close we could rejoice over seven souls turning unto God. One dear woman, who for a long time had been trying to get to heaven in her own way, said that now she was going there in God's way.

We closed the day's meetings praising God for the victory He had given us.

Now, to get to Heart's Content we have to drive a distance of twenty-five miles, and it will cost some money to get there, and the general cry is, "We've no money," and the next best thing to do is to make a collection of fish and then sell it and get cash for it. The first proposal, and the soldiers took hold of it. Two soldiers in each of the regiments and two in New Harbor, and what they both collected we sold for \$10. May God bless the kind friends who helped us so liberally.

Monday night we had a public enrolment, and five men were sworn in as soldiers to fight for God in the Army. Captain Mercer, who is to take Captain Mercer's place, was at this meeting, and we believe she is the proper one for Dildo.

Secretary Outchard, from Heart's Content, came up with a horse and carriage to take us down, so on Tuesday morning we left. We passed through Green Harbor, and had some refreshments at the house of Mr. J. J. J. at Shell Harbor we met Harry Joe J. who believes in praising God at all times; and the next place we put up at was Heart's Delight. We had something to eat, and then we started again for Heart's Content, and while going up a hill, some of the horses broke, and they delayed us, and just as we were about to arrive at our destination. This is Lieutenant Legge's home; we spent two days here. Captain Bradbury is to lead on the force here for the next few months, and we believe the campaign will rally around her. The first night we were here, one poor backslider came to the point of view, and they were used for mercy, and she said that God had forgiven her.

Gelly Cove is our next place, and we spent two nights here. We had very good meetings, and God spoke to some hearts, but the devil of sin to-night was there as usual. We had a fish collection, and the money they did not do so well at Dildo, they only gave \$1.35 worth; perhaps they will do better the next time.

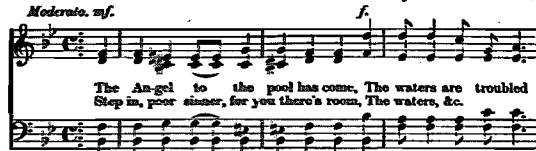
Next place is Heart's Harbor, what we call it. We arrived here on Saturday, and found Lieutenant Winsor still after fighting alone for over a month. While we were away, a young man and young woman were laid beneath the sod. They passed away happy in Jesus.

Present time we are busy getting ready to change headquarters from Heart's Harbor to Outchard. The people are very busy here about the fish, and that makes it difficult to get a good time. Lieutenant Legge has arrived, with Lieutenant Winsor, is going in to do the best in Heart's Harbor for June. We're all keeping well in our own souls.

Reuben H. Farnham.

The Waters are Troubled.

Words and music by MAJOR F. W. FRY.



Though you for years have lived in sin,
The waters are troubled now;
There's pardon for you if you'll plunge in,
The waters are troubled now.

Though you have sinned Him to His face,
The waters are troubled now;
Still Jesus offers you His grace,
The waters are troubled now.

Though from the Narrow Way you've gone,
The waters are troubled now;
In love He calls the wanderer home,
The waters are troubled now.

Holifax I. — "WHEAT AT HEART, COME HOME." — On Monday night, a brother who had wandered from the fold, returned, and the blessed Lord took him in. The hot weather keeps the crowd away from the hall considerably, but we have large crowds in the open air, and blessed times to our work. They help us in the collection and buy a good many War Cries from us, and on Sunday night we could sing merry. — Sergeant Major Casser.

Provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest. — Proverbs vi, 6.

Fredericton, N.B. — THE RED-HOT LION. — Souls are getting moved and Christians sanctified. Three souls have sought and found salvation this week. Our Sunday morning holiness meeting was one of power. Two souls found holiness, and we are believing for many more. We are going in for red-hot, genuine devil-defeating, God-glorying, soul-saving times. — ROBIN WHITE, for Capt. BRYAN.

While the earth remaineth seed-time, and harvest, and cold, and heat, and summer, and winter, and day, and night shall not cease. — Genesis viii, 22.

Summerside, P. E. I. — BLESS BARNETT. — TROUBLE, HEARTS, AND JOY. — We are moving forward slowly but surely, believing that the tide of interest will soon rise. A beautiful time on Tuesday night. Ensign Hartley with Holifax band, also Ensign Houghton and other special helped to make the meeting very interesting. Ensign Hartley spoke on the Roman Weir, opening paths to holiness and peace. A short time ago for that branch of the work. — CAPT. PENDER.

And gladness to taken away and joy out of the plentiful field, and in the vineyards there shall be no singing, neither shall there be shouting; the treaders shall tread out no wine in their presses; I have made their vintage shouting to cease. — Isaiah xvi, 10.

St. John Training Garrison. — I have in Training Garrison two days, and can praise Jesus for His blessed smile and presence. I have come determined to work for God and precious souls, and already feel that victory is mine through Jesus. God has planted my soul a great burning love to win precious

souls over from the devil's service to the Great Shepherd's fold, and my prayer is, my stay in St. John Training Garrison may fit me to appear to me better go forward. — CODEL LEAVEN.

And I looked and beheld a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of Man, having on his head a golden crown and in his hand a sharp sickle. — Revelations xiv, 14.

Although a number of our soldiers are away fishing for salmon, God is helping those left who are fishing for men. One soul got caught in the hallooish net Sunday. Our comrades while away are holding meetings with the people of Glenora. May God bless them and make them each in truth "fishers of men." Amen — Standard bearer, G. M. C.

Barrie District. — A SEABEAM. SOULS SAVED. THAY BOUNCING BABY BOY. HANVER. BIG THINGS FROM THE LITTLE MAN. — I've just finished my first trip round the district, and my eyes have seen, and my ears have heard words spoken that have made my heart beat for joy. I saw two men kneel at the pavement-form at Orillia, and also heard them say that the Lord had pardoned them. The next night they were on the platform to give God the glory for what He had done for them; also I enrolled two recruits under the blood-and-fire flag. This was cheering to me. Many thanks to Brother James for the one he gave for "Kitty" (that is our war-brother's name), but I find that she is not saved from stealing. I found out at my next excursion my list to visit, namely, Coldwater; not satisfied with the water and oats given to her, but we found next morning that she had filled her boiler (as Commandant calls it) with the good water in the tank. Here we had a good meeting. I dedicated the Sergeant-Major's bounding baby boy.

The cry of the people here is, "Send us officers and we'll be good to them." Now, you candidates, get a move on, the fields are white for harvest.

Then here we started for Millard. Captain Barr and myself had a good chat about the war on our way. Arriving there I saw the flag flying. Asking what it meant they said, "It was a token of welcome and love to the new D. O." Had a proper go in, both open-air and indoors, finishing up with shouts of victory. Big things from the little man are crying out for more. — COMRADE, pray for us. — BROTHER BARNETT.

LOST FRIENDS' COLUMN.

To the Distressed.

The Salvation Army invites parents, relations and friends, in any part of the world, interested in any woman or girl who is known or feared to be living in immorality, or is in danger of coming under the control of immoral persons, to write, stating full particulars with names, dates and addresses of all concerned, and, if possible, a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

We shall charge no costs for two advertisements (one cent for each) not more than five lines each, and no charge for the cost of anything above this and no deduction of time limit. This is necessary to pay expenses of time and printing.

We are prepared to receive inquiries from any person. The fullest possible particulars should always be given in correspondence relating to these inquiries so as to avoid delay and expense. The number of the advertisements should in every case be quoted.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to HENRIETTA H. BROWN, Commandant, Toronto, Alberta St. Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

Note.—Don't forget that the sum of fifty cents must be sent with each case unless it can be dealt with. This will cover much trouble.

Please making inquiries for lost friends through our Inquiry Department with kindly remembrance to keep us posted in the event of changing their address. This is most important.

1087 Glover, Charlie. Left his home on June 15th and went west. Wore black hat, grey pants, black stockings, lined boots, brown coat, age 18 years. Sometimes looking to and sometimes from the west by William Glover, Campbellton, N.B.

1088 Mose, John. Last heard of about three years ago. Was then working in a Toronto piano factory. His brother George is anxious. Address 122 Bond Street.

1089 Murray, James. Native of Edinburgh, Scotland, age 30, born in 1859. Gilt and Wainwright, Man., employed in Brunswick Hotel. Went to work on Hudson Bay Railroad in 1887. Not heard from since. Information on this subject received by his brother, W. D. Murray, c/o A. D. O'Donnell, Cashier, Ont.

1090 Lambert, Patrick A. Left his home in 1888. Last heard of in Chicago. Age 41, stoutly built, black hair. His last wish was him to return to London, Ont. Address Mrs. Annie Lambert, London, Ont.

1091 Leadbeater, Alfred. Age 25, fair complexion, tall, mustache and whiskers. Supposed to have gone to Canada with a man named Jim Adams, Master 1024. When in England worked at Ratcliffe's, cabinet makers, Old St. London. Friends are anxious.

1092 Peasey, Isaac James. Left home at Toronto in 1880 and went to Australia. Supposed now to be in Montreal. When in England worked at the Tin Plate Works. Age 21, fair, thin, rather tall. Anyone having any information please address 21 Victoria St., Toronto.

1093 Wight, Thomas Henry. Age 33, brown hair, grey eyes, height 5 feet 9, French-Canadian. Owned bar-room at St. John's, Toronto. Last known address: Coughman's in Prairie, Man. His sister enquires.

1094 Baxter, John Thomas. Married and left London, England, nearly five years ago. Was in charge of horse paddock at Black St. Gardens, Tottenham, Queensland, Australia, four years ago. His brother, James Walter, enquires. Australian Orga Office 000.

1095 Bowers, A.L. Left his home in Port Perry, last heard from two years ago. Supposed to have been in Michigan recently. Was in Seattle, Wash. working for the B.C. His last contact was in Toronto as very anxious to hear from him. Anyone having any news please write to 210 Wilton Avenue or 211 Victoria Street, Toronto.

Morden, Man. — A RABBIT-STUFF BOLL! ON! IN A VISION THE LORD TOLD HIM TO JOIN THE ARMY. — A Christian friend of mine made the remark, that when he had barley and syrup, he could fairly "roll himself" in it, he liked it so well. Well, if such a remark is not allowable to civilized minds, it is not permitted in a spiritual sense to our "roll in joy" at our camp meeting at Pembina. We had just returned a message while here when the winter's joy came on our minds. The next thing to do was to see these farmers. Mr. Johnson, a friend of ours, promised us all the hay we needed. We offered our service on the meadow, so we made hay and rolled God. I drove around every afternoon some four or five miles accompanying a night's meeting at our camp. Followed on a trail, it was raining lightly, came on another well-beaten road, followed to the south, met with a woman, told the woman in the garden I was coming in out of the rain. When she asked to leave, say she:

"You better see Mr. Johnson, he is at the hay, he is interested in the Army."

So I waited. He was an old man of fifty-seven winters. He had been praying to the Lord for guidance as to where he should go that day. In a vision the Lord spoke to him to join the Army. He walked to the hay and branched. After all did not speak his mind. God wanted him for Morden. He walked back again. He fully believed God sent me. After learning from the new friends that I had in my mind set the south pole where the world is at present, I followed back on my trail, and met the gentleman as well. He has spoken his mind, been a soldier and followed on the trail, as the devil. We are busy as well at our barracks, painting it inside and out. Glory to God.

We had two sales Sunday morning, and marched in the afternoon. We give God all the glory.

For so the Lord said unto me, I will take my rest and I will consider in my dwelling place like a clear heat upon herbs, and like a cloud of dew in the heart of wheat. — Isaiah 66, 14.

The GENERAL commences his Jubilee Campaigns, on this side the Globe, at St. Johns, Newfoundland

NOTE THE DATE :

SEPT. 18th or 19th.



SEPT. 18th or 19th.

- THE - GENERAL

At ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Great Harvest Festival Effort,

CANADA :

SEPTEMBER 1st, 2nd, and 3rd.

NEWFOUNDLAND :

SEPT. 29th, 30th, and OCT. 1st.

"OH COME, LET US SING UNTO THE LORD."

"Let us heartily rejoice in the God of our salvation."

TUNE—We're marching on to war. (B. B. 54.
S. M. II. 10.)

1 We are the Calgary bandboys,
Our sins are washed away,
We're trying to save others,
That's why we march and play:
To God and to the Army
We ever will be true,
While o'er us waves the banner
Of the yellow, red and blue.

CHORUS.

We're marching on to war, etc.

We play Salvation music,
As we march along the street,
Our motto is, "Press forward,"
And we never play, "Retreat."
The devil cannot turn us
While we keep the Cross in view,
And bravely fight beneath our flag—
The yellow, red, and blue.

We dearly love our General,
And our prayer is, night and day,
That he may long be spared to us;
And when he comes this way
He'll receive a hearty welcome
From hearts both loyal and true
To God and all our leaders,
And the yellow, red, and blue.

God bless the dear Commandant,
God bless his loving wife!
To have such noble leaders
Is the Army's strength and life;
God bless the dear old WAR CRY,
It has its work to do—
Bring sinners to the Saviour
Neath the yellow, red, and blue.

BANDSMAN RORY DOWNEY, Calgary.

Marching to Win.

TUNE—Come, join our Army. (B.B., 14; S.
M.L., 475.)

2 The Salvation Army with banner unfurled,
Is marching to conquer, to conquer the
world;
Proclaiming the news of salvation from sin,
The Salvation Army is marching to win.

CHORUS.

Marching to win, marching to win,
The Salvation Army is marching to win;
With Christ as our Leader, and trusting in
Him,
The Salvation Army is marching to win.

The devil would tell us our labor is in vain,
To march thro' the streets in the storm and
the rain;
But, soldiers of Jesus, we'll never give in,
For marching to Him we are marching to win.

Since we've been converted, we love to pro-
claim,
For all there is mercy in Jesus' name;
There's grace for the vilest, and freedom from
sin,
And following Jesus, we're certain to win.
T. WENZGOTT, Vancouver, B.C.

TUNE—Paw Thy Spirit. (B.J. 15; S.M.I.
189.)

3 Trust in Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Who has bled and died for thee;
Think how much He must have suffered
On that dread Mount Calvary.

CHORUS.

Come to Him with all thy sorrow,
Leave with Him thy every care;
He will bear thy every burden,
He will listen to thy prayer.

Come to Jesus, trust His promise,
Though His love you've oft transgressed,
He'll forgive and love you freely,
He will give you peace and rest.

Live for Jesus, fight for Jesus,
There's a work for you to do,
In the vineyard of your Master,
Who has done so much for you.

BROTHER HUGH WILSON, Portage la Prairie.

TUNE—Hold the fort.

4 Oh, my comrades, see the nations
Built in your sin;
Up and to the front, soldiers,
Help some souls to win.

CHORUS.

Go and rescue men and women,
From eternal woe;
Others left their homes to save us,
Go, my comrades, go.

Souls for whom my Saviour suffered,
Will not come to God;
They are waiting for your coming,
Lead them to the Blood.
R. M. T., Norland.

TUNE—Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord.
(B.B. 24; B.J. 74; S.M.I. 108.)

5 Come, ye soldiers of the Lord,
And help to save the lost;
"Go, ye," 'tis from His blessed Word,
Obey Him at all cost.

CHORUS.

Oh, you must be a worker for the Lord
Or you can't reign in heaven by-and-byo.

"Go, ye," does He not mean for you
To offer for His work;
Then be resolved His will to do
And not the Cross to shirk.

H. F. LEADLEY, Dartmouth.

TUNE—Calcutta. (B.J. 29; S.M.I. 329), or,
Brand of Hancoc. (B.J. 207.)

6 Lord, we gather with one purpose
That we may Thy fulness know,
That through all the inner chambers
Of our hearts Thy blood might flow.
Cleansing river, cleansing river,
Make and keep us white as snow.

Often, Lord, has human weakness
From the pow'r that Satan used
To prevent us being holy,
And with love and zeal enthused.
Holy fire, holy fire,
May our tongues by Thee be loosed.

Melt us, Lord, and mould us over,
More like Jesus we would be;
We will brave the heated furnace
If it draws us close to Thee.
Come and melt us, come and melt us,
From all self now make us free.

WM. RITCHIE.

TUNE—Jesus loves me.

7 Jesus keeps me every day,
Safe from sin and Satan's sway;
Keeps me in the heavenly road,
Carries all my heavy load.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus keeps me;
Yes, Jesus keeps me;
Yes, Jesus keeps me,
And carries all my load.

When my work on earth is done,
When my victory here is won,
I'll go home to heaven so fair,
There my robe and crown to wear.

SERGEANT SPOONER, Cornwall.

TUNE—Wearing of the green.

8 I am a sinner saved by grace, from Satan's
ranks I came,
For many years I lived in sin, which caused
me grief and pain;
But I was told of Jesus' love, Who on the
Cross did die,
And left His heavenly home above for sinners
such as I.

(Repeat last two lines for chorus.)

Just now for me His blood atones, and frees
me from all sin,
My trust I put in Him alone, He reigns and
I dwell within;
The joy and peace He gives to me He will on
you bestow;
If you will only let Him in you shall His
mercy know.

HARRY BILL.

TUNE—I will follow Thee, my Saviour. (B.
J., 1; S.M.I., 67.)

9 On the rock of God's salvation,
Set secure by love Divine;
Till shall fall that sure foundation,
Naught shall move this soul of mine.
Storms and tempests may alarm me,
Waves may rage, and winds may roar;
But 'tis not in them to harm me,
Fright they may, but can no more.

CHORUS.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour.

Smitten Rock, when men of slaughter
Smote Thy body with a spear;
Forth from thence flowed blood and water,
Cleansing me from guilt and fear.
Oh, that my heart may soften,
And my drooping soul revive;
By partaking free, and often
Of the stream by which I live.

Precious Stone, the Christian's treasure,
All my riches are in Thee;
Worldly wealth in fullest measure,
Cannot buy felicity.
But Thy blood has purchased heaven,
With an entrance to its joy;
Where I, freed from earthly leaves,
Endless ages shall employ.

CAPTAIN WM. WHEAT.

"He that sleepeth in har-
vest is a son that causeth
shame."—Prov. x. 5.

THE FOUR P's.

TUNE—Christ receiveth sinful men.

Pardon Jesus gave to me,
Pardon for the past of sin;
Pardon, present, full, and free,
When in faith I came to Him.

CHORUS.

Ah! His grace amazes me,
Grace which gives me all I claim;
Pardon, peace, and purity
Now are mine thro' Jesus' name.

Peace He gave, so rich, so deep,
Peace the worldling never knows;
Peace which while His laws I keep
Like a river freely flows.

Purity from self and sin,
Pure of all that was unclean;
Pure in heart "as He is pure,"
Made He me thro' crimson stream.

Power He gives me day by day,
Power to do His blessed will,
Power His foes to fight and slay,
Power dethroning hosts of hell.

ELIZABETH MARGRETT.